

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 45

No.

1

JUNE, 1912

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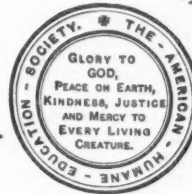
Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 45

Boston, June, 1912

No. 1

The Humane Movement

By JEFFERSON BUTLER



THERE is evidence to show that in prehistoric times there was no conception of crime or morality and consequently though men slaughtered their fellows and ate their victims, cruelty was not existent in the sense it is in a civilized community. When we try to think of all that happened in moral and humane development from that early time to the day of George T. Angell we are constrained to be hopeful of the future, appalling as are many of the cruelties of our day.

Aristotle, considered by many as the greatest of Greek philosophers, doubted the propriety of considering a slave as a man. When we read that according to the Roman Law under the Republic, a father might kill his child, because the child was said to be his property, and the state made no remonstrance because under the law it was none of the state's affair, and contrast that with the treatment children are receiving today, we are likely to be satisfied with our progress. Yet there is much needless suffering today among children whose surroundings are such as to dwarf their mental and physical natures and to lead them into crime, and indifference to the best things of life. When we read in the statistics that there are millions of children in our land suffering from disease due to lack of sufficient food, then we realize there is much to be done to give those children a fair chance in life and to prepare the coming generation for a better citizenship.

During the middle ages children had no rights and animals were shamefully abused. In fact down through the Puritan and Revolutionary times and well into the nineteenth century, childhood was a time of sorrow. In the course of time it dawned on the mind of the adult that children had rights that should be respected, though there are those in our day who deny this. They claim that the child is subject absolutely to the will of the parents. In regard to animals, Descartes taught that they were not conscious of pain. Voltaire ridiculed this theory, by saying that animals were given the

organs of feeling in order that they might not feel. Rousseau and Voltaire both championed animal as well as human rights.

H. S. Salt, an Englishman, some few years ago wrote a book entitled, "Animals' Rights," in which he forcibly presents the side of the dumb creatures, claiming that they are not merely property but have rights that should be recognized by the law. There are those who, not admitting this, are, nevertheless, workers in the humane cause because they are aware that kindness to animals cultivates a refinement in human beings.

Great scientists as well as lovers of justice have supported the rights of the dumb. Darwin says that the senses, intuitions, emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, initiation and reason are sometimes found in a well-developed condition in the lower animals.

The first legislation in favor of animals passed the British Parliament in 1822. When the measure was being debated it was considered in the nature of a joke to offer protection to animals. Under that act no punishment could be inflicted for cruelty to animals unless the creature was owned by some person, therefore a homeless dog or cat, or any wild animal might be tortured at pleasure. There are many today who think they have absolute right to beat and kill their horses or other animals, and that it is no person's concern but his own and who consider interfering humane agents as meddlesome.

Teachers and Scholars Are Interested

In spite of the religions of the ages the humane element has made exceedingly slow progress, and not until education became popular and the intelligence of men began to expand, did the humane feeling become universal. It must be admitted, however, that education does not of itself develop the humane mind; it simply prepares it to understand and appreciate humane efforts and teachings. This is why it is necessary for humane societies to bring the attention of teachers and scholars to this work.

The influence of humane education in the schools is wonderful in its effects, as may be seen by the following: George T. Angell went to Chicago and attempted to do something to mitigate the sufferings of the cattle in the stock-

yards, and was giving up the matter as hopeless because he found himself unable to stop the prodding of cattle with spikes stuck in poles then used. He published the fact in Chicago papers that he was leaving town because he had been unable to accomplish any reforms. The president of the Board of Trade read the notice and sent for Mr. Angell, and said that when a boy he had a teacher who had him read a poem on kindness to animals which greatly impressed him. He said the time had come for him to help, and he raised several thousand dollars, with the result that a transformation took place in the stock-yards that affected the whole nation.

Humane Study Decreases Crime

Teachers frequently say they are overcrowded and cannot take up humane work. They do not realize that the neglect of this work means that much of the other efforts in study may be to a large extent wasted. Fifteen states have realized this and have laws compelling teachers to give some time each week to humane study. As the result of these teachings, the public officials claim that crimes among children have decreased in these states, that better discipline is maintained in the schools, and that the children are kinder to each other.

Why cannot all the states have such a law? It has been offered in several legislatures and defeated. When asked by critics why animal protectors do not give their attention to children they reply that by teaching humaneness to animals we are getting down to fundamentals. It goes without saying that those who are kind to animals will be interested in children.

If humane subjects were taught in our schools war would cease in a generation.

Teaching that Patriotism consists in carrying a gun is pernicious. To realize our relationship to humanity means infinitely more than hurrahing for a nation. A child has a keen sense of justice. Said one school-boy: "I know why the teacher don't want us to rob birds' nests. She wants them to grow up so she can wear them on her bonnet." Teaching by example is the most potent. Children are in sympathy with animals and come closer to them than adults. They should be taught that each animal has a personality of its own.

Jefferson Butler, who resides in Detroit, is resident of the Michigan Audubon Society and secretary of the Michigan State Humane Association.

When people understand that 100,000 cattle are killed and injured every year on our railroads, many of them dying from cold and starvation; that calves are taken from their mothers and spend two, three and four days going through the piercing air in flat cars and standing in stock-yards until slaughtered, unable all the while to eat a mouthful of food, they will comprehend some of our common forms of cruelty. The shippers say they deal in these calves because the public demands such meat.

Our streets show underfed, overworked horses with drivers ever ready with the whip. One of the most shameful things of our time is that the well-to-do sell their horses when they become old to peddlers, to drag out a miserable existence. Statistics show there are 21,000,000 horses and mules in our country. Their suffering can only be imagined. Our horses live on an average of from eight to ten years; properly treated, these horses would be useful doubly as long.

There are many thousands of homeless cats that are not fed, and live on garbage. There are boys who are allowed to spend their Saturdays and Sundays in summer killing our birds. There are hundreds of men who make it a practice to go out each year to destroy some of our rarest animals merely for the enjoyment of it. The humanists have a great work to do and appeal to all who are desirous of a life more worth the living to join with them. To my mind it is the highest form of religion. It is a religion in which every one can believe. If you do believe in this form of effort it is your place to help make the humane movement universal.

TIMELY GIFTS TO MEXICO

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

We were agreeably surprised the other day to receive a large quantity of humane literature in the Spanish language, a most timely gift. It was sent us by Miss Mary C. Yarrow, of Philadelphia. We had not solicited the literature, and it was certainly the gift of one who was prompted by that prescience of the truly generous who anticipate the needs of others. Somewhat recently also we received another splendid gift: one thousand placards, printed on cloth, the "Horse's Prayer." The undersigned translated the "Prayer" into Spanish, and Madame Minnie Maddern Fiske, of New York, had them printed and sent to us at her own expense. Mrs. Fiske has, on repeated occasions, proved herself a very angel of helpful impulse to our cause in Mexico. This last gift enables us to carry the gospel of humanitarianism into stables, barracks and factories where horses and mules have hitherto suffered unspeakable torture.

After the revolution is over, we propose to approach President Madero, in an effort to have him suppress bull-fights. We understand his heart is in sympathy with our work, and we will not be slow in pushing every advantage we can get in our battle for the dumb bulls and horses who are forced to play to the galleries, unwillingly obliged to struggle simply to feed a thirst for blood. High as the heavens God mounts the protest of many Mexicans against this saturnalia of sickening noise, nuisance and nausea, falsely termed a "sport." Among the many Mexicans who deprecate bull-fights, and who hope for their ultimate suppression, we can count on President Madero. At present he is the storm-center of revolution, but when peace again wings her way to Mexico, we will make another attempt for the abolition of bull-fights.

EDWARD C. BUTLER,

Secretary S. P. C. A., City of Mexico



FIRST PATRON AT HAVANA'S NEW FOUNTAIN

A FOUNTAIN IN HAVANA

Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, the indefatigable humane worker of Cuba, sends us this picture of the new Ensign fountain, the gift to the city of Havana of the National Humane Alliance of New York. "Everyone seems delighted," she writes, "with our new fountain. Now the request is for one to be placed at Central Park. That, you know, is a magnificent site, one of the finest imaginable. Never before would the city consent to have a fountain there because they were afraid it would detract from the beauty of the place; but after having seen this one they are eager for one there." We hope Mr. Fiske, through whom the first was given, will be able to grant this request. F.H.R.

HOW TO DO IT—A STREET LESSON

By E. L. HYDE

One day, as I was passing down Weybosset street, Providence, Rhode Island, my attention was drawn to a horse which evidently thought it was time to take a rest. The street was very slippery with a thick coating of wax-like mud, and the footing was very uncertain. The horse was a flea-bitten gray; the load was of bales of hay or cotton. One of the wheels had slipped into a depression in the cobblestone road-bed and old gray had decided to wait a bit.

I saw there was trouble ahead and, slipping back to an apple vender, I bought two of these persuaders, which are of much more worth than a black-snake whip or a hoop-pole strip, which the driver was preparing to use on the horse. I stepped up and said, "Don't strike him!" Then I looked at the horse whose ears had that unmistakable backward warning slant—the horses' storm-signal. I fondled his nose, which is to a horse like a hand-shake to a man, held an apple up to him and he quickly took it and began eating.

I talked to him and soon saw that his line of thinking had changed. I gave him the second apple which he certainly enjoyed. Soon, all storm-signals were run down. I said to the driver, "Stand back!" and touching the bit spoke to my new friend, "Come!" and come it was, and that with good will and a strong pull, and away went the horse and load at such a pace that the driver had to run to keep up, and the sidewalk crowd there assembled had a practical lesson in how to do it.

HOSPITALS FOR ANIMALS

Much among us is done for man, little as yet for the animal. There are among us almost innumerable hospitals and homes for men and women, but there is very little of this nature as yet for the animals. As yet, there is a Home or a Rescue League for animals only here and there. We need them more abundantly. We need Homes and Rescue Leagues and clinics and hospitals for them as we need them for ourselves; and where there is one Animal Home today, there will be, I am sure, scores, or even hundreds, in time to come.

In far-off Bombay is probably the largest and most elaborate hospital for animals in the world. It has both its in-patients and its out-patients, and it ministers to animals of all kinds as carefully as human beings are administered to in the hospitals of the West. Over 2000 animals are taken into the hospital each year, and well on to 1000 are treated as out-patients. In all there are some forty buildings, large and small, connected with the hospital, and the architectural structure and the appointments of some of them are indeed superior to those of many of our regular hospitals.

This splendid hospital for animals was founded by a native Indian, a Parsee merchant, Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit. It is called Bai Sakarbai Dinshaw Petit Hospital for Animals, and receives its support from large numbers of citizens of Bombay who are interested in its beneficent work.

Not only domestic animals of every kind are treated and cared for in it, but the animals of the jungle and the wild birds which are found wounded or suffering from any cause, are taken to it and nursed back to health and then set free again.

The hospital is the pride of Bombay, and the Hindus are very liberal in their contributions to it.

RALPH WALDO TRINE,
in "Every Living Creature."

Alkon's ox is worn and old,
It has gained him grain and gold;
Must it to the shambles go?
"Nay," says Alkon, "never so.
Long he helped me at the plow,
I'll be grateful to him now—
His declining days shall pass
Knee deep in the pleasant grass."

ADDAEUS MACEDONIS,
An old Greek poet.

Love's Power Over Wild Animals

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Story of Scraggles," "Living the Radiant Life," "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," "Through Ramona's Country," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER V.

Ursa Shows Unalloyed Affection



HAT a glow of satisfaction and pride went over me as I retired that night! I was as happy as a man who had suddenly gained a fortune. That is, I imagine so, for I don't know how a man feels who has suddenly gained a fortune. I certainly felt elated, and more than that, thankful, grateful that I

had demonstrated that a kinship did exist between men and animals and that love was potent enough to demonstrate it. I had made a great discovery, the power of human love over so-called wild animals, and henceforth this discovery was to influence my whole life *consciously*. I was now to *know* what hitherto had been but a vague and uncertain academic idea, taught in the bible certainly, but actively believed in by nobody, or, at least, by so few as to have prevented my ever coming in contact with any one who really lived his belief. From that day to this "the love of God" has meant far more to me than it ever did before. I learned more in the flash of consciousness that came to me that night than I had gained from any sermon on that subject I had ever heard. It was one of those sudden, divine flashes of revelation that come all too rarely in a man's life, but which when they do come, stand forth as mountain peaks clad in the glowing colors of heaven, ever supremely above the fog and smoke-clad cities of the plain. I had only tested the affection of a four-legged, dumb brute, a "wild animal," a creature that could not think or reason, yet in the test I had discovered a newer, larger, grander, sublimer truth for myself, and not only for myself, but for that small part of the world of men and women with whom I come in contact, and that truth is that men and animals, animals and men are all akin, are all "creatures of the same God." The former fact seemed a small thing; the latter fact only eternity itself can measure how great it was and is.

Elsewhere I have referred to the fact that thrice I purposely went to Ursa with the intention of sleeping in his pit. This statement calls for an explanation which it is a pleasure to make. I suppose it is universal that the human animal should crave sympathy and affection especially under circumstances of distress, discouragement or worry. Naturally I have had my share of these circumstances, and on the three occasions referred to I happened to be on the mountain, and Ursa's living affection—though devoid of intelligent sympathy—was a definite and positive source of comfort which I instinctively sought. And not in vain. If all love—even

that of the so-called brute—be of God, then such a manifestation in the brute has the power to touch the best in the man, and God is seen alike "in the tree, the flower and the clod." Hence the soothing and satisfaction I obtained by going to Ursa when no human friend was near. Brute affection though it was, it was without alloy, for, on his part, I am unable, even after all these years, to recall a single failure to respond to all that I was able to give him. Would it were true that all human affections were as perfect in their kind.

I must not forget to tell how Ursa and I used to take a walk together. Soon after I had be-

over, always coming *behind* me, and then extend his arm in the most cunning manner. He would also look at me with such manifest affection, his eyes beaming so brightly, and at the same time his mouth being partially open and his love-call constantly sounding, that he always struck me as a wonderfully funny caricature of a love-sick swain, and sometimes it made me laugh until I cried.

It was a remarkable fact—yet not so remarkable if one recognizes in the bear as in the dog a capacity for personal attachment or affection—that so long as I remained with Ursa in the pit he never once made any attempt to escape by means of the ladder. Had there been any process of thought in his mind or had he *desired* to escape here was ample opportunity. Of course it will be said he was incapable of thought, hence recognized no opportunity, and this is undoubtedly true. Yet there is a positive side to his remaining, and that was that his affections were engaged, his love was aroused, and that in itself was powerful enough to keep him.

It has always been an added joy to my life that my love for Ursa brought to me the friendship of many men, women and children, some of note in the great world and whose association has been of inestimable value and blessing to me. Our devoted friendship—Ursa's and mine—seemed to arouse in them a desire to offer their friendship, and no tender of the true-hearted affection of another can ever fail to be a blessing to its object and recipient. Hence I have Ursa to thank for these human friends whose love has added joy and blessing to my days.

(To be continued)

THE WISE HORSE

The letter that follows came to us from one of Boston's best known physicians, Dr. H. C. Clapp. We thank him for sending it, and are sure many a reader will smile at its closing words:

"A few days ago on Boylston street I saw a cab driver, who was waiting for a job, put his arms around his horse's neck, hug him with affection, and talk to him caressingly, as a mother might talk to her baby. I stopped and asked him how much he supposed the horse understood of what he said. Looking at me, I thought, rather reprovingly, he answered: 'Of course he understands it all. Why, that twenty-year-old horse knows a great deal more than I do.' 'How do you make that out?' I said. 'Why,' said he, 'he knows enough not to get drunk and I don't.'" F.H.R.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The illustration upon the front cover of this issue shows a flock of sheep in a coyote-proof pasture of the Wallowa National Forest, Oregon. At the close of the season the lambs that had been free from worry averaged nine pounds heavier than those of the same age in unprotected pasture.



"HE KEPT STEP AND MOVED WITH AN EASY SWING"

come accustomed to going into the pit, as he always arose on his hind legs to greet me, and we wrestled for awhile, I wanted to find some easier method of joint entertainment, so I suggested that we take a walk. I speedily taught him to place one paw (his right) on my left arm, as if he were my lady companion, and then we would walk around the pit as many times as I chose. He always kept step and moved with an easy swing that in a measure explained the ease and rapidity with which bears out in the wilds climb steep mountains or cover large distances in short spaces of time.

After he had been the "lady" for a time I would say: "Now you be the gentleman and I'll be the lady," and immediately he would change

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE

By E. A. MATTHEWS



HE farmer makes some queer mistakes about the little folks of fur and feathers who live on his domains. For instance, he calls the field-mice his enemies because they make their nests in his clover field. But wait until spring comes. The bumblebees will fit up the empty rooms of the small mansions, and proceed to raise large and industrious families there. Everybody knows that the bumblebees fertilize the clover blossoms, flying

from one to another, and distributing the yellow pollen dust that clings to their feet, bodies, and other parts.

There is a funny old saying in the rural districts that tells the whole story in a few words: "No cats, no clover." The cats kill the meadow-mice—the mice give homes to the bumblebees—the bumblebees insure a perfect clover crop.

Some farmers hate the sparrow-hawk, and say he steals the chickens. As a matter of fact, this bird lives mostly upon small mammals, mice, chip-munks, squirrels and the like. He is a fine mouser, and is often seen hovering above a certain field, then suddenly swooping down, and flying off with not a chicken but a tiny meadow-mouse.

No creature of the wild is more heartily detested than the skunk. He has a reputation as a poultry thief, but in reality, his food consists mostly of vermin, and all sorts of insects. Nature evidently fitted him for the work of destroying insects, instead of robbing hen-roosts.

The mink is another creature with an evil, but ill-deserved reputation. Both mink and skunk are "mighty hunters" of small game, being bitter enemies of rats and mice.

Many other creatures that seem to be mischief-makers, and are hunted and killed by the farmer, are in reality his best friends, his helpers in disguise, and they deserve his good wishes instead of his hatred.



Courtesy of The Guide to Nature

RED-SHOULDERED HAWK

O, CHEERFUL SWALLOW!

O graceful rover, cheerful swallow!
You have no lovely gift of song,
Yet with delight your flight I follow—
Endearing charms to you belong.
Along our eaves you find good hiding,
About our barns you build your nests;
What bird as you is so confiding,
And so on man his safety rests?

Twitter your love-lays, never fearing
Harsh notes of ours will discord bring:
Fear not, whene'er a footfall's nearing,
Nor let your trust be wavering.
The dear old barn is home to you;
And howe'er far sometimes you stray,
To circle 'neath the sunlit blue,
You never stay for long away.

Like the old stone before the door,
You seem sweet portion of the place,
To give us welcome more and more,
And to each day an added grace.
Returning from a journey long—
Then find strange faces at the pane—
Sweeter than passing robin's song,
Sounds your home-twitter once again.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

WHAT TOADS ARE WORTH

SCIENCE offers a new solution for the bug problem. It is to employ, in its professional capacity, so to speak, the toad—the ordinary hop toad of the field and garden—as an insect destroyer, declares a writer to the *Technical World* magazine.

In this business the humble toad is unequaled by any other living animal. He is the greatest bug exterminator in the world. It is entirely practicable to utilize his services on an extensive scale, employing him systematically as an ally, to keep in check the insects which levy an annual tax of over eight hundred million dollars upon our agricultural resources.

There is no reason why the farmers of the country should not hatch and rear their own supply of toads, for local service. With a pond, or even a small pool insured against drying up during late spring, the creatures will breed of their own accord in any desired numbers up to the limit of the food supply available in the shape of insects. But one thing absolutely essential is that they shall be protected against their natural enemies, and by no means the least destructive of their enemies are small boys who, through mere thoughtlessness, kill toads whenever they get a chance.

It is estimated that an average toad is worth to the farmer five dollars a year for the cutworms alone which it destroys. But this is only one item. The amount a toad will eat is astonishing. A large specimen has been known to devour one hundred rose-beetles at a single meal. One toad needed seventy-seven myriapods—the common household centipede—to satisfy his appetite; another, fifty-five army-worms; and yet another, sixty-five gypsy-moth caterpillars. Still another toad was seen to eat thirty-five large, full-grown celery worms in three hours, while another accepted eighty-six flies, fed to him, in less than ten minutes.

It is a common thing, when the occupants of an ants' nest are swarming, and the insects are emerging in large numbers, to see an enterprising toad sit at the entrance of the burrow and snap up every ant that comes out. The slaughter he accomplishes under such circumstances is frightful. But, of course, most ants are not reckoned as insects injurious to man; and the toad unquestionably destroys some species which are beneficial to the farmer. Upon the whole, he is immensely useful, devouring countless numbers of the very worst bug foes of the crops.



THE GREAT BLUE HERON

By ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

THESE majestic great birds are found throughout North America and are a typical feature of nearly every inland landscape embracing a body of water. Here through the long sunny days they wade slowly back and forth, ever on the alert for a careless fish, their powerful bills and unerring aim seldom failing to land the victim. Their nests are built in rookeries in the tops of the highest trees, and great numbers of nests are often found in close proximity.

The birds are quite devoted to their homes, flying back and forth above the intruder and uttering hoarse croaks of protest. The young are in the nest for several weeks before they are able to fly, during which time they are kept abundantly supplied with fish by the industrious parents. In the early fall the birds congregate in large flocks about the lakes. When the first cold weather approaches they depart for their warm home in the far South.

A SPARROW'S SERMON

In a sad hour I have seen through the window, mounted on a rail back of my house, one of those curious eyed little sparrows. And he was a better preacher to me than I am to you. It was winter, and there was not guaranteed to it one day's food, nor any protection, from any source in this world. It was wholly dependent upon its God. And yet it sang—sang for its own hearing, and sang for my rebuke, saying to me, "Are ye not much more than I? And God thinks of me, and takes care of me." How much there is in the voice of nature if we only knew how to interpret it!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Fish should be killed by a sharp blow on the back of the head as soon as taken from the water. They will keep longer and taste better if they do not suffer before dying.

VESPERS

The robins call me sweet and shrill,
"Come out and fare afield;
The sun has neared the western hill.
The shadows slip down sure and still,
But in our meadow wide and wet
There's half an hour of sunshine yet;
Come down, come down!" Who would
not yield?

Across the road and through the lane,
Where buttercups grow tall and bright,
With daisies washed in last night's rain,—
Beyond the open bars I gain
An angle of the rude rail-fence,
A perfect coign of vantage, whence
Wheat-field and pastures stretch in sight.

The cows, with stumbling tread and slow,
One after one come straggling by,
And many a yellow head falls low,
And many a daisy's scattered snow,
Where the unheeding footsteps pass,
Is crushed and blackened in the grass,
With brier and rue that trampled lie.

Sweet sounds with sweeter blend and strive;
In its white prime of blossoming
Each wayside berry-bush, alive
With myriad bees, hums like a hive;
The frogs are loud in ditch and pool,
And songs unlearned of court or school
June's troubadours all round me sing.

Somewhere beneath the meadow's veil
The peewee's brooding notes begin;
The sparrows chirp from rail to rail;
Above the bickering swallows sail,
Or skim the green half-tasseled wheat
With plaintive cry; and at my feet
A cricket tunes his mandolin.

High-perched, a master-minstrel proud,
The red-winged blackbird pipes and calls,
One moment jubilant and loud,
The next, to sudden silence vowed,
Seeks cover in the marsh below;
Soft winds along the rushes blow,
And like a whisper twilight falls.

From "The Poems of Sophie Jewett" (Memorial Edition).
T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Apart from all questions of policy and interest, the observance of mercy and kindness toward dumb animals is rich in pure, indefinable satisfaction. It blesses not only the lower being which is the recipient of it, but doubly him who practises it.—HENRY BERGH.

NEW WELCOME TO THE BIRDS



THE value of the birds to the whole human race and the importance of preserving and increasing their numbers, as essential to the very existence of all other forms of life, are vital problems that are being more carefully considered by most of the states and also the federal government. Ornithologist, economist and humanitarian are making united efforts in the matter of bird conservation and results show a better understanding and a higher regard for every kind of bird. The following effective briefs are from an address by C. D. Howe, state ornithologist of Vermont:

Each individual bird is working all the time to preserve vegetable life from the depredations of insects. Birds eat the seed of many injurious weeds that infest the growing crops. They should be protected and cared for in every possible way. The barn-swallow has a direct relation to the milk supply, for it feeds upon the flies that are about the barns and trouble the cattle. Holes should be made in the gables of barns to allow them a chance to get in and nest among the rafters, or a cleat be nailed along under the eaves to allow them a chance to nest there.

All wild shrubs and trees, bearing fruit that the birds love, should be left growing by the roads and fences. They will attract the birds, and they prefer these to cultivated fruit. The purple martin is said to be capable of doing away with spraying in orchards where it abounds. One man in Pennsylvania advertises purple martins for sale and says that his orchard grows fine fruit without spraying.

Were our birds to become extinct, all life would soon become extinct. Insect life would in a period of three years destroy vegetation, when all men and animals, except perhaps fishes, would die for lack of sustenance. Soon the waters would become polluted and fish life would cease. The insects themselves would die for lack of food, and the earth would be destitute of life in any form.

RECEIPTS FOR THE ANGELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL FROM FEB. 13 TO APR. 23, 1912

Previously acknowledged	\$45,024.43
Miss Nina L. Gleason, E. Brookfield	1.00
Miss Laura Boorman, Palmer	10.00
Kable Bros., Mt. Morris, Ill.	5.50
Miss Ellen Payne, Lawrence	3.00
"A friend," by Mrs. Kettle	3.00
Carmel, N. Y., Band of Mercy	1.00
"A friend"	100.00
Nelson W. Kimball, Lynn	2.00
Mrs. Mary B. Hazelton, Wellesley Hills	5.00
Miss Florence A. Sampson, Cummington	1.00
Mrs. Robt. F. Miller, Brookline	5.00
Miss Sarah M. Allen, Barton, Vt.	1.00
Dr. C. E. Page, Boston	1.00
Luther W. Packard, N. Berwick, Me.	1.00
A. L. Flanders, M. D., Boston	1.00
Riverside, N. J., No. 3, Band of Mercy, by Mrs. Maggie R. Hall	1.00
Ralph H. Dennison, Reading	2.00
Mrs. Wm. S. Dennison, Reading	3.00
Mrs. N. O. Cleveland, Athol	1.00
Mrs. J. L. Paine, Cambridge	10.00
"A friend," by Mrs. Kettle	5.00
Joseph Love, Lowell	1.00
James E. Fogarty, Mary J. Fogarty, R. C. Fogarty, Watertown	15.00
Mrs. Mary J. Perry, N. Adams	1.00
Mrs. M. Anna Wood, Northboro	3.00
"A friend," by Mrs. L. N. Kettle	5.00
Mrs. A. M. Wetherell, Fall River	10.00
Miss Helen L. Wilson, Boston	1.00
"In memory of Buffy"	2.00
Anonymous	200.00
Mrs. C. A. Kelsey, Schenectady, N. Y.	3.00
Mrs. Mary R. Parker, Boston	5.00
Thos. Plummer, Sharon	3.00
Mrs. L. D. Mack, Derby Line, Vt.	10.00
Batavia, N. Y., Humane Society	5.00
Silver Band of Mercy, Sharon, Conn.	3.62
Miss Elsie Limber, Albion, Pa.	1.00
Miss J. E. Ridgway, Newburyport	1.00
Miss M. A. Ridgway, Newburyport	1.00
Mrs. O. N. Moore, Ware	10.00
Marcus Moore, Holden	5.00
Chas. Aldrich, Webster City, Iowa	5.00
Mrs. F. A. Adams, W. Northfield	1.00
Austin H. Fay, Beachmont	1.00
Alice A. Lewis, Oakland City, Ind.	.50
Mrs. Eva C. Mason, Haverhill	10.00
Herbert H. Horton, Fall River	10.00
Miss Aleen Sheldon, Reading	.25
Miss L. J. Gould, W. Medford	1.00
"A friend," Chestnut Hill	20.00
Mrs. P. L. Smith, Vineyard Haven	1.00
Mrs. Mary B. Olmsted, "In memory of three loved and loving dog friends, Tige, Shep, and Watch, owned by my husband, A. E. Olmsted, —they were faithful and constant through life, and at their death sincerely mourned," Moodus, Conn.	100.00
Mrs. Arthur T. Cabot, Boston	100.00
First Parish S. S., Cohasset	3.00
Miss Mary C. Wiggins, Newburyport	500.00
Mrs. H. C. Boardman, New Bedford	5.00
Chas. Allen Porter, M. D., Boston	10.00
Harold C. Ernst, M. D., Boston	10.00
W. B. Cannon, M. D., Boston	5.00
"A friend," Arlington	20.00
Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Boston	10.00
Mrs. Katharine S. Dodge, Newburyport	25.00
"A friend"	500.00
Mrs. Emma A. Cyrus, Quincy, Ill.	5.00
Miss Estelle Metcalf, Toledo, O.	2.00
Mrs. J. H. Davenport, Chestnut Hill	5.00
Miss Mary P. Davenport, Chestnut Hill	5.00
Susanna Brinton, Gap, Pa.	600.00
Dr. F. H. Cleaves, Boston	1.00
Miss Carrie Cottle, Boston	1.00
Miss E. N. Wood, Marlboro	5.00
Arthur L. Brown, Marlboro	1.00
"A friend," Bloomingdale, N. Y.	5.00
"A friend," Taunton	1.00
"A friend," by Mrs. L. N. Kettle	10.00
Three friends, by Mrs. L. N. Kettle	7.00
Miss Emma R. Filer, Hartford, Conn.	2.00
Lyman B. Smith, Phillipston	3.00
Mrs. A. G. Clerk, Pigeon Cove	5.00
Mrs. Helen R. Heywood, Gardner	100.00

Total to above date. \$47,568.30



ORPINGTON DUCKS AT SUNSWICK FARM, SOUTH PLAINFIELD, N. J.



Why the Horses Are Happy in Florheim

By Bonnie A. Nedwill



THERE is a little province, called Florheim, somewhere in the northern part of Europe, and this province is remarkable for just one thing—its splendid horses. Every horse you can meet in a day's journey is fat and sleek and hearty and happy; everyone of them from the big, heavy-footed gray that carts away the ashes, to the dainty little chestnut on the Count's carriage. And the secret of it is that in Florheim no one ever maltreats a horse. Each horse has enough to eat and a good stable and the best of care; he is never beaten or made to carry a load too heavy for him. And when you ask the peasants why this is so, they smile at you and say, "Why, 'tis because of the good Count Arnould and his horse Nicole." And the story of the good Count Arnould is written in the chronicles of the Counts of Florheim, and this is what you may read there.

When Valentine, fifth Count of Florheim, died in the year 1377, his cousin Arnould succeeded to his title and estates. Arnould was only ten years old and an orphan, but very brave and high-spirited. Because he was handsome and clever he was much flattered and spoiled by his courtiers; so it came about that he became, though naturally kind and generous, somewhat overbearing and fond of his own pleasure.

Now Arnould had a splendid gray horse, named Nicole, very faithful and fleet of foot, and more intelligent than any other horse in the stables. And Arnould rode him daily to the chase or to practise in tilt and tournament, so that he grew very fond of Nicole.

One day when Arnould was twelve years of age he started out with a dozen of his courtiers to hunt in the forest of Charbonne, and soon they came upon the trail of a stag and followed it without rest until midday. And as they sped through the clearings in the forest with the sun high overhead, the Lord Thibault spoke to Arnould and said:

"Had we not better rest here and refresh ourselves, my Lord Count? The day is hot and our horses well broken in wind." And Nicole, particularly, was breathing hard and painfully.

But Arnould, partly because of his eagerness to capture the stag, and partly because he liked no advice from anyone older than himself, cried out:

"Stay here and rest if you will, my Lord Thibault, but I shall ride down the stag before I rest me."

"Have a care, my Lord!" warned Thibault. "Nicole can ill bear more riding under such a burning sun."

"Ho!" laughed the boy. "Nicole wearied! Many a day have I ridden him farther than

this!" And without more words, he dug his spurs in Nicole's panting sides and dashed off through the wood. And Nicole being a horse of good spirit leaped forward and galloped on as if he were fresh from the stall.

"Good horse! My own Nicole!" cried Arnould, petting his foam-streaked neck. "We will show them you are not tired!" And he continued to urge him on with whip and spur.

Now scarcely had they gone three miles farther when suddenly Nicole plunged violently, fell to the ground, and rolled over with blood gushing out of his nose and mouth. Arnould was thrown to the earth some distance away, and by good fortune escaped unhurt; but when he had gone over and seen Nicole lying there quite dead, with glassy eyes and wide-open mouth, he began to sob and to cry, as he had not done since he was a very little fellow. Even when his attendants came up and tried to comfort him, it was of no use. Arnould was heartbroken at the thought that his heedlessness and selfishness had cost the life of his favorite horse.

He went home mournfully, and the next day he had Nicole's body wrapped in a sheet of purple silk and placed in a gorgeous casket, and gave orders that he should be buried with great ceremony and honor under the plum-tree in the orchard, where all the dogs and horses of the Counts of Florheim had been laid. But that night, Arnould dreamed a horrible dream and saw Nicole again as he had seen him lying dead in the wood, and he awoke crying and sobbing. Then he had a magnificent stone placed over the grave, and had carved upon it these words:

"Here lies Nicole,
Faithful unto death to his master,
Arnould, Count of Florheim."

But even after this had been done Arnould still continued to grieve and to dream of poor Nicole. At last he sent for a great sculptor and had a statue of Nicole made in stone and placed on a pedestal in the public square before the palace. And often he would sit at the window and gaze at the noble stone horse that truly bore a remarkable resemblance to his lost Nicole. Still, at night he dreamed bad dreams and in the daytime he could not free himself from his remorse. Nothing could make him forget his cruelty.

Now, one day, as he sat sorrowfully at the window, he saw a peasant driving a horse attached to a market wagon and noticed that the horse dragged wearily along and looked ready to fall with heat and faintness. So he called out and ordered the man to stop, while he sent out one of the palace grooms with a pail of water for the horse. And the horse drank

deeply and was refreshed. When he was gone, Arnould watched and saw many other horses pass through the dusty square with heavy heads and panting sides. Suddenly, he clapped his hands together and cried:

"I know what I will do, I will put a drinking trough here in the square, at the foot of Nicole's statue, and for his sake no horse shall suffer any longer with thirst."

So he gave orders and they placed, in the center of the square, at the feet of Nicole, a great stone trough and filled it with clear water. And when Arnould looked from his window and saw the poor, tired horses drinking their fill and going away refreshed, he felt happier and did not grieve nearly as much as before.

And now that his heart was pitiful toward all horses, for the sake of his dear Nicole, he began to notice that many, many horses were thin and wretched, and that many were dragging loads too heavy for their strength, and that some were lame, and some were blind, and that some were covered with sores. And often cruel drivers whipped and kicked these sick, old horses. Then said Arnould to himself:

"I know I was wicked and cruel to my dear Nicole, and now it is too late to do anything for him, but for his sake I shall make all other horses happy. In all my lands no one shall be allowed to hurt or maltreat a horse."

So he passed a law that any man who starved, beat or abused his horse, should be sent into banishment; but every man who kept his horse fat and strong, and did not work him too hard, should receive a purse of money each year from the count. And the day on which the money was to be paid was the anniversary of the day on which Nicole met his death.

Thus it came to pass that even before the young count became a man, that there was not a sick or abused or maltreated horse in all his dominion, and all over Europe it grew to be a saying, "He's as happy as a horse in Florheim."

And Arnould dreamed no more of Nicole lying dead in the forest, but instead he dreamed one night that he saw a great company of wonderfully beautiful horses, prancing and running about in a lovely green meadow, and before them all ran Nicole, with his long gray mane and tail flying in the wind, and Arnould had never seen Nicole looking so free and happy. Then he awoke and felt comforted.

And when he was a man, Arnould taught his children to love and be kind to all horses, and from that day to this, every one of the Counts of Florheim has been good and merciful to horses for the sake of the boy, Arnould, and his faithful Nicole.

THE FILLY

By LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

Over yonder in the meadow
Where a laughing zephyr-tide
Flows and ripples through the blossoms
Freshly-blown and starry-eyed;
O'er a silver sea of daisies
Far, oh, far as eye may reach;
Over yonder in the meadow
Underneath a spreading beech
There she rests, our little filly,
There she rests beneath the sod;
Yet in dreams I seem to see her
Grazing on the Hills of God.

Often as the twilight darkened
All the path adown the hill;
And the crickets from the orchard
One by one began to shrill,
I could hear her from the thorn hedge
Whinny coaxingly and low.
I could hear her and would answer
In a way she used to know.
I would tuck a scarlet apple
In my trousers' pocket deep
And go bounding o'er the paling
With a single joyous leap.

Ah, I seem to feel the saddle
Tilting underneath me now;
And the breezes of the morning
Playing on my boyish brow.
I can see the valley stretching
There beyond me faint and far,
While like shadows we are flitting
Past each country stile and bar
On and on in joy together;
On and on like flecks of foam
In the current of a river
Ere we turn our faces home.

LICENSING OWNERS OF ANIMALS

By A. MELZER

Licenses are special taxes, levied principally for revenue. Thus, we have a city or town license to peddle apples or suspenders, to own a wagon, bicycle or dog, to run a saloon, tell fortunes, or to build a wagon-shed, which latter, when finished, is promptly placed upon the tax duplicate and then produces more revenue for the municipality.

Our system of taxation is probably as faulty as our system for preventing cruelty to animals; however, what can we do? We must obey the law, and be thankful if now and then we succeed in correcting one of the most glaring inconsistencies.

In the last Indiana State Legislature, a bill was introduced for preventing cruelty to animals by preventing people who are notoriously cruel, poor, ignorant, incompetent or otherwise unfit to treat or care properly for horses, mules or milch cows from owning or having charge of such animals. Really, *all* animals should have been included in that measure; however, a law so radical would have stood little chance of passing, and hence it was deemed best to start with the animals named, which need and deserve protection most. This license was to cost nothing, it was not a tax for revenue nor was it an attack on the rights of the freeborn, liberty-loving American citizen; it was simply a means to prevent cruelty to our fellow-creatures, the animals, and lawyers and legislators in general, conceded that the principle of this proposed law was a good one; but alas, there was one insurmountable obstacle to its passage; it was "unconstitutional."

In spite of this, I maintain that the only way to prevent cruelty to animals is to prevent it, whether that is constitutional or not. There is no use to wait until an act of cruelty to a horse has been committed if it can be prevented; and then after it has been committed, to exclaim with indignation, "That fellow should not be allowed to own a horse." If a bad man should



THE HANDSOME MORGAN STALLION, "DONALD"

not be permitted to own a horse, then why not prevent it by the enactment and enforcement of a law to that effect? The power to enact practical and needed laws rests with the people; what they demand of their representatives in our legislative halls, they can get, in spite of antiquated constitutions or any other obstacle.

The works of man, including constitutions, are temporal, require revising and replacing by newer and better forms from time to time to keep in step with the march of the Zeitgeist; only the laws of nature are eternal.

Our present laws for the protection of animals contain hardly a patentable improvement on the fundamental English laws enacted over half a century ago. The cruelist, when convicted, pays a small fine, or if too poor to do so, is sent to jail for a short time, but is generally discharged when he pleads having a sick wife and starving babies at home. Anyway, a fine or jail sentence does not benefit his starving or abused horse.

Evansville, Indiana, April 3, 1912.

Cultivate kindness of heart; think well of your fellow-men; look with charity upon the shortcomings in their lives. Do a good turn for them as opportunity offers, and, finally, don't forget the kind word at the right time.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR SHARE?

We believe that our schools should have as a part of their curriculum the study of the domestic animals, how to care for them and to humanely treat them on all occasions. We wish there was another Carnegie whose desire was to establish hospitals for the domestic animals and to furnish the impetus for correcting errors in their every-day care and use. Recently numerous horses have died in the collar, some on the streets while at work. The thought uppermost was not, did the horse suffer, or was it driven beyond its strength, but the monetary loss to its owner.

In small towns will the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals be effectual? If established who will make the complaints? If a neighbor's son drives a horse beyond all reason and the animal is withal kept at work between times are you going to make the complaint? People are afraid of each other about these matters, and so for that reason we are going on year after year knowing and seeing cruelties practised on horses and closing our eyes and ears to the pitiful appeal of our friend, the horse. Perhaps a word now and then kindly spoken might be a seed well sown.—Malone (N. Y.) Farmer.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, June, 1912

FOR TERMS see last page, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all the newspapers who receive this paper this month are invited to copy any of the articles, except when copyrighted, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

A MUCH NEEDED SCHOOL

One of the things our Hospital will do will be to start a school for drivers. Few things irritate more a good driver than to see the stupid, ignorant, utterly irrational methods pursued by many boys, and even men, who have been entrusted with horses, and who know no more about driving than they do about steering a boat. The yanking, the sawing of the mouth, the jerking of the head, the constant nagging of the horse by reins and whip, the urging the horse forward and then pulling him back at the same time—these and other evidences of total lack of knowledge of how to guide and control a horse through the sensitive organ of its mouth, or by the voice, force upon us the desire to see such a school for drivers established as we can make possible when our new Hospital is built. This is a dream which we expect to see realized. A certificate from such a school would be worth something to a young man looking for a driver's position. F.H.R.

JUSTICE TO THE PHILIPPINES

At last a bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives to establish an independent Philippine government and to secure the neutralization of the Islands and the recognition of their independence by international agreement. According to the bill, at the expiration of the eight-year period of qualified independent government which is from 1913 to 1921, the United States is to retain control and ownership of such lands and harborage waters as are necessary for coaling and naval stations, cable terminals, etc.

There are many other provisions of the bill which seem to us to guard very jealously every right of our country, even at the cost of the Islands. However, Mr. Manuel L. Quezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines, at Washington, writes us that he thinks "the bill offers a just and wise solution to the Philippine problem." For this bill we bespeak the support of all our readers. We shall greatly rejoice when Congress does the square and honorable thing by these far-away people who are really today the subjects of a government that is supposed to be founded upon the principle that the will of the governed is the law of the state. F.H.R.

HELP US SAVE THE BIRDS

We will send to any of our Massachusetts readers who will post them in their neighborhood our bird cards offering rewards for evidence of the destruction of any of our song or insectivorous birds. They can be tacked up on trees or on the sides of buildings when permission is obtained, or put in store windows. Here's a chance for teachers and pupils to do a great service. F.H.R.

OUR ADVERTISERS

We greatly hope that, when possible, our readers will patronize those who have availed themselves of our columns for advertising. We admit nothing here that we cannot vouch for, and just as it is found that it pays to advertise with us will it be for our advantage. So far we have received many excellent testimonials as to the results obtained through our paper as an advertising medium.

SUCCESSFUL LEGISLATION

We congratulate the New York S. P. C. A. upon the legislation just obtained, as the result of a bill introduced by it, whereby, hereafter, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals or children in that commonwealth will not have to pay a five per cent. transfer tax on legacies received. In Massachusetts such organizations are also exempt from this tax. These great practical charities give back to the state a service of such value that they may well be relieved of this burden. It should be the same in all states. F.H.R.

CIVILIZATION AND WAR

We are supposed to be advancing in civilization. We point with pride to what we consider the numerous evidences of this. What shall we make out of the fact that the five principal military nations of Europe—Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy and Russia spend in military matters, debt and interest charges, an excess in one year over what was spent in a single year thirty years ago, \$639,000,000. That is a percentage of increase of about 134 per cent. Add to these five nations Great Britain, the United States, Spain, Turkey and Japan, and the annual bill in the name of war foots up to \$1,900,000,000. Is armed peace civilized peace? F.H.R.

PAVEMENTS

By the Bulletin of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals we see that the Committee on Pavements, appointed by Mayor Gaynor, of New York, recommends stone blocks for all streets with heavy traffic. This careful report, made after painstaking study, is in harmony with the views *Our Dumb Animals* has persistently set forth. Another confirmation of our position in the same direction is given by the Bulletin which says that, after extensive investigation undertaken by the "Horse Accident Prevention Society" of London, the asphalt pavement stands condemned as the one responsible for more falls and injuries than any other. Our cities are unnecessarily torturing thousands of their faithful servants by the pavements over which they compel them to haul their loads. F.H.R.

IT PAYS

We all must admit it, that humane treatment of animals is profitable from a purely economic point of view. Our Mr. Packard has so convinced the great leather and shoe interests of New England that they, for their own sakes, for the money it would mean in their pockets, ought to stand by the humane societies, that the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, one of the oldest and best known papers of its kind in the world, has devoted five pages to an article by him showing the startling financial loss due to the leather trade from the improper, ignorant, and cruel treatment of the animals whose hides are prepared for commerce. Here is the statement of the leather men themselves, the result of years of experience: "Over 15 per cent. of the hide supply of the world is destroyed by the wrong and cruel care of animals." F.H.R.

TRAPPED

Still we fight the barbarism of the cruel trap. Two classes of people we can think of as using it, the brutal and the thoughtless. Hardly a month passes that we do not receive some letter like that from which we give the extracts below. These are things seen:

"During the month of January, 1912, on a bitter cold morning, one of the coldest for many years in this part of Maine, I chanced to pass through a piece of thicket and my attention was attracted to a large white bulldog lying curled up at the foot of a small pine-tree. I went up to him and found him caught by the fore right foot in a trap. He lay on the frozen crust with the trap drawn under him shivering with the dreadful cold. As I approached he uttered a low growl. I slipped a small cord over his neck and holding him down with one hand, with my knife pried open the jaws of the trap, which were frozen together. I cut the ice away and released him. The dog that a few moments before was moaning with pain, in his joy and freedom wanted to follow me home.

"I have seen a fox trapped in the early fall where the trap had so mangled the knuckles of the foot that the wound had become covered with maggots that had burrowed from the foot up to the shoulder, and yet the animal was still alive."

The writer of this letter is a Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner. He also writes of the depredations in country districts among the birds of the too-numerous cats that prowl through the woods. The farmer might well prevent the multiplying of cats about his barns. F.H.R.

"HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD"

An interested reader of *Our Dumb Animals* sends us the clipping, which we give below, taken from a New York paper. One can feel little sympathy with this victim of his own cruel practice. "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made."

Michael Muskowitz, a trapper, of Bloomfield, was discovered early yesterday in a swamp near the town poorhouse. He had been held a prisoner in one of his own traps for nearly six hours exposed to the cold and rains. He started out late on Monday night with a lantern to examine his traps and stepped into one, which was held fast to a tree by a chain and padlock. He fainted from the shock and when he recovered his senses a heavy electric storm was on and the rain was falling in torrents. He had forgotten to take his bunch of keys along with him and try as he would, was unable to extricate his foot from the trap. Not until nearly daylight were his cries heard by James Mills, an inmate of the poorhouse. Mills is an invalid and not being able to render assistance himself, he aroused Jacob Gilroy, an employee, who guided by cries and moans soon reached the imprisoned man.

The trapper was taken to the poorhouse more dead than alive, and was attended by Dr. Ringland, who fears that the night's exposure and injuries may result fatally. F.H.R.

A CLEVER BIRD

Walking through the public gardens one morning we stopped to watch a group of purple grackles trying to get a drink from the artificial lake. The water was just too low down from the stone curb that borders the lake for them to reach it. After many attempts all but one marched away and gave it up. This determined, and evidently much cleverer fellow, spied a small piece of board floating a little distance off. He flew onto this and there, bobbing up and down slightly with the motion of the water, drank his fill. Perhaps there's as much difference in birds as there is in folks. Here at least were intelligence and courage reaping their reward. F.H.R.

Urge upon your congressman the great need of adequate protection of migratory birds and the further need of international agreements for the conservation of bird life.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1808

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
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Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names and addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640.

Our two Societies receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation, binding themselves to pay to the donors, so long as they shall live, a reasonable rate of interest upon the same, or an annuity for a sum agreed upon. The rate of interest will depend upon the age of the donor.

Our carefully invested funds, and the large financial experience of those to whom are entrusted the care and management of them, make an investment like this as good, practically, as a government bond.

Many who have but a few thousand will be able by this arrangement to obtain a much better rate of interest than in any other way, and with absolute safety guaranteed.

No legal contest, or attempt to break a will is possible with reference to money so given.

The President of the Societies solicits correspondence, asking for further details.

CIRCULATION GROWING

One hundred new annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* have been received from the Humane Research Club of Newport, Rhode Island. Could any organization find a better way in which to encourage humane education? Special terms are offered to humane societies and other institutions which desire to pay for a large number of annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*. Our paid circulation has been growing at the rate of ten per day, since December 1, 1911. We want 100,000.

REPORT FOR LAST MONTH

Animals examined	4621
Number of prosecutions	20
Number of convictions	19
Horses taken from work	152
Horses humanely killed	111

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	28,610
Cattle and swine killed	159

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts of \$125 from Mrs. Helen R. Heywood, of which \$100 is for the Angell Memorial Building; \$100 from Mrs. L. N. Kettle; \$30 from Miss Fanny E. Morrill; \$25 each from "Anonymous" for the Angell Memorial Building, Miss Lucy S. Brewer, Miss Eleanor S. Parker and Miss Ella M. Gaylord; \$20 each from Miss M. A. O. Elder, Miss Elizabeth F. Kelly, Miss M. W. Brooks, Arthur T. Lyman and Walter Hunnewell.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$419.66, a bequest in part from the estate of Catherine N. Scott of New Castle, Pennsylvania; \$210.74 from a Rhode Island friend, and \$110.81 from "a co-worker."

Boston, May 15, 1912.

MR. PACKARD AND HIS SLIDES

Our field agent, Ed. H. Packard, has prepared a hundred and fifty very attractive and telling stereopticon slides, mostly colored, illustrating the various phases of humane work, and particularly designed for educational purposes. These he is using successfully, lecturing before many of the granges of the state.

A new feature of his work grows out of the cordial invitation given him to exhibit his slides at theatres. He is reaching thousands in this way who sorely need to hear his gospel of justice and compassion.

F.H.R.

POISONED BY VEAL

The Boston papers of April 17, last, called attention to a family, four members of which had hastily been removed to the Relief Hospital, all suffering from what was diagnosed as poisoning, probably from eating "bob veal." Three children who ate none of the veal were not ill. For two hours after reaching the hospital the sufferers were in a very critical condition. The mother was nearly unconscious when she was taken from her home. We have not the slightest doubt that many people are made sick, and that in some cases, death ensues, from eating the unwholesome flesh of these immature calves which are slaughtered so often when exhausted from long journeys, starvation and cruel usage.

F.H.R.

CONTROLLING YOUR HORSE

We wish every horse lover who has a horse that pulls, or lolls its tongue, or "slabbers," might know of a simple device that we have used with most gratifying success. A beautiful mare that took hold of the bit so strongly that the pleasure of driving was often spoiled, has been made so easy to handle that now a lady drives her anywhere. We refer to the Little Giant Controller. This invention is simplicity itself. Instead of causing the horse any suffering it relieves the mouth from any pain a bit might inflict. By it the bit is kept from crowding the tongue back between the jaw-bones and so suppressing circulation until the parts become numb. With this device the pressure is taken from the tongue and the tender gums of the lower jaw. For a hard mouth or a tender mouth it is a marvel of comfort both for horse and driver. We have used it for two years and if we could not replace it would not part with it for fifty times what it cost us.

F.H.R.

THE S. P. C. A. AND THE U. S. MAIL

Much interest has been awakened among humane societies by the action of an officer of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in holding up a team carrying U. S. mail. The horse attached to the wagon was exhausted, and the agent claimed that this contractor who was transporting the government mail had no right to violate the anti-cruelty laws of the state. We are glad to learn, from the letter of Postmaster-General Hitchcock that the federal authorities do not claim any special privilege here over other people. The letter from Mr. Hitchcock to Col. Wagstaff, president of the American S. P. C. A., is, in part, as follows:

Sir: Replying to your letter of the 13th instant, in which you ask for an indication of the views of the Department regarding the enforcement of state laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, with particular reference to the mail service, I beg to inform you that carriers of the mail are not exempt by reason of their employment from the operation of state or local laws concerning cruelty to animals, but, as far as known, where violations of those laws have occurred, the state authorities have co-operated with the Department with a view to reducing the delay to the mails in such cases to a minimum.

As an example of such cooperation the conditions in New York City are cited, where, it is understood, a paragraph was inserted in the instructions to policemen some years ago to the effect that, when it became necessary to arrest a driver of a mail wagon while in the discharge of his official duties, the policeman should accompany the driver to his destination before removing him from the mail wagon.

In this connection, and in face of the fact that, as a rule, the horses of the contractors who carry the mail are in such poor condition, often thin, lame, broken down, it will surprise our readers to know that the contract signed with the government by these men demands that the horses used shall be kept "in first-class condition, and the cruel treatment of any animal, while in performance of service, is a sufficient cause for imposing a fine on the contractor, or requiring the dismissal of the employee responsible for the act, or both." How sadly this contract is violated we all know. The average mail horse is in anything but "first-class condition."

F.H.R.

GRASS FOR CITY HORSES

We would again remind our readers of the following matters which so interest one of our life members that she has written from France to call attention to them:

"The beautiful grass season again approaches, and usually in *Our Dumb Animals* you and Mr. Angell have put in some mention of the need of a bit of grass for the city horses. I am sure if I were a poor man, I should make quite a sum by selling bunches of it to private and public stables.

"Also, you are wont to ask your readers to be merciful to the shell fish and to pierce their brain or spinal cord before casting into the heated water."

FOURTEEN FEET OF CATERPILLARS

The Massachusetts State Ornithologist said in our presence recently that each young fledgling in a robin's nest consumed every day in bugs, worms and other food, the equivalent of fourteen feet of caterpillars. This means, for a man, about the same thing as eating sixty-seven feet of bologna sausage every twenty-four hours. One sees by this something of what it means to kill a robin.

F.H.R.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

WHO TAKES THE CHANCE?

Few things in the way of humane education are more important than that we should reach the children from other lands who come among us. If our birds are not to be exterminated we must get at the hearts of these children, and through them, at the hearts of their fathers. The stories of the destruction of song-birds—of any birds that will make a pot-pie, by many who are ignorant of our laws, and uninfluenced by our regard for bird life, are discouraging for the future. We want to put into three foreign tongues some of our best and most attractive literature on birds, and have it wisely circulated in many localities where these other tongues are spoken. We also want to distribute in such communities a multitude of cheap, but pleasing, colored picture cards that will particularly interest the children and call their attention to the birds as among their best friends. This is vital humane education work. Who will give us \$250 with which to do it? F.H.R.

INCREDIBLE

At least such a report as that which follows, to the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram*, seems impossible. We cannot imagine the ignorance of the value of the robin to the farmer which must exist where this is permitted. To us in the North to kill a robin would be like killing a canary in its cage. The letter is from South Carolina: "The robins were found after we had been in the cane-brake about thirty minutes, and then the slaughter began. They were blinded by the glare of the torches and also cold and numb after their long flight and it was an easy matter to pick them off the brake. Those that roosted too high were knocked off with the paddle. We did not enjoy it very much. It seemed too much like murder. We killed 132 robins, 3 blackbirds and 2 bluebirds." We are glad to say that the representative of our American Humane Education Society in South Carolina, who travels far and wide lecturing, has been urged to attack this outrage most vigorously. F.H.R.

NOT DISCOURAGED

Whether or not President Taft's splendid peace plans with Great Britain and France fail for the moment, because of the Senate's action, the great work with which his name must be forever associated will go on. The sentiment is too wide-spread, too many people in these three lands want peace assured, for any few men to thwart much longer the popular will. Each lover and advocate of peace must simply set himself to the task with new determination and hope. F.H.R.

When making your will, remember the American Humane Education Society.

AMERICA'S PIONEER

This is the picture of the Hon. William A. Crabb, Pennsylvania state senator, the author of the first law in this country to prevent cruelty to animals. The Act was passed in 1855. It was originally intended to apply to the whole state, but was amended by Senator Hamlin to apply to Philadelphia only. These facts are furnished us by Superintendent Carlisle of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. This is the Act which stands at the beginning of all the humane legislation of the new world:



AN ACT

To prevent and punish wanton cruelty to animals in the City of Philadelphia.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.

That from and after the passage of this act any person or persons who shall, in the City of Philadelphia, wantonly or cruelly maltreat, beat or otherwise abuse any animal or animals, belonging either to himself or to others, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined by any alderman of said city, for the first offense, in a sum not less than five dollars nor more than ten dollars, and for the second and every subsequent offense, in a sum not less than ten nor exceeding twenty dollars, to be paid to the guardians of the poor for the use of the said city; and if said fine or penalty be not paid, then said alderman shall commit said offender to the county prison, there to remain until discharged by due course of law; provided. That when the fine imposed exceeds the sum of five dollars, the party complained against may appeal from the decision of said alderman to the court of quarter sessions, upon his entering bail in the nature of a recognizance in the usual manner, for his appearance at the said court, where the offense shall be prosecuted in the same manner as is now directed by law in such cases: And provided also, That the provisions of this act shall in no way interfere with the present common law remedy by indictment except when the party has been tried before an alderman as aforesaid, and the case not appealed from or returned to the court of quarter sessions.

Approved the third day of May, A.D. 1855.

JAMES POLLOCK.

Page 421 P.L. 1855.

F.H.R.

THE WORK OF ANOTHER SOCIETY

We regret that the reply of Secretary Matthew McCurrie of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. was received too late for inclusion in the symposium, "What Other Societies Are Doing," published in *Our Dumb Animals* last month.

Mr. McCurrie writes that what seems to be the most significant work undertaken recently by the San Francisco S. P. C. A., which is a departure from its routine work, has been along the lines of humane education.

A stereopticon lantern was purchased the latter part of the year and a number of illustrated lectures have been given in and around San Francisco by Secretary McCurrie, who was placed on the lecture bureau of the board of education. The illustrated monthly magazine which is published by the Society has been the means of giving much publicity to the cause. The periodical has grown rapidly in favor, and is an important agent in teaching the gospel of kindness and in educating the public mind to an interest in humane work.

IN OUR FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

There came to our desk recently a letter from a Boston clergyman with the request that we discontinue sending *Our Dumb Animals* to him because, to use his words: "It affects me too much, it makes me too sad. I consider it a shameful and stupid waste to fuss so much about 'our dumb animals,' most of them can take care of themselves. If the money spent on such grotesque and frequently hideous beings were put to the service of people looking after helpless and neglected children it would be much more in keeping with Christian civilization."

The mission of *Our Dumb Animals* for forty-four years has been to teach kindness to God's lower creatures. Thanks to the generous hearts and hands of thousands, it has gone not only to those who needed it most but also to those who welcomed it and used it for the good of humankind. It is proud to bear endorsements from the clergy of all denominations, and every month brings to it reassurances of the justice and righteousness of the cause for which it stands. It has steadfastly held to the conviction that every man, woman and child, who is kind to animals, is happier and better thereby and more merciful and considerate in all the relations of life. Yes, Brother, we must continue to sound the appeal of the dumb world for kindness and consideration, louder and farther, and if you do not want to hear the call you are bound to hear its echo.

PLANS FOR ANNUAL CONVENTION

The thirty-sixth annual convention of the American Humane Association will be held in Indianapolis, October 14, 15 and 16, next. The Humane Society of that city, of which Charles F. Surface is president, plans to hold a work-horse parade on one of the days of the meeting, and other interesting local features are promised. The Commercial Club of Indianapolis is to co-operate with the Society in entertaining the convention. A carefully prepared program, with addresses by many of the leading humanitarians in the country, is being arranged, and will be announced later, by President William O. Stillman of Albany, New York.

HUMANE REFORMS IN TEXAS

We are pleased to learn from our good friend, Almon A. Locke of Fort Worth, Texas, that the Governor of that state is making radical humane reforms in the treatment of state prisoners. The "bat" or cruel leather strap as an instrument of punishment for refractory prisoners has been abolished. Libraries and reading-rooms have been established for inmates of good deportment. The boys have been provided with musical instruments, and a class in vocal music has been organized.

We are pleased to commend the action of the Governor for these needed reforms in the administration of the prisoners of the state.

ANOTHER WORKER

Our American Humane Education Society has availed itself of the services of Professor John Burke during a journey he is making from Wyoming to Missouri. We have made arrangements with him whereby he is stopping off along the line of the railroad, addressing public schools, organizing Bands of Mercy, interesting teachers and others in humane education, and distributing humane literature. F.H.R.

The school-boy who is allowed to call persons of other nationalities by obnoxious epithets has the spirit which in public affairs insults another nation and invokes war.

WOOLIE SCHELLING'S EULOGY



TWELVE years ago I saved from drowning in Saranac Lake this little water-spaniel, then a puppy, who had been thrown into the water by some lumbermen from a camp near by. I happened to be passing in a canoe and rescued the little fellow, struggling bravely for his life.

For twelve years thereafter he was my steady companion and comrade through thick and through thin. He never gave me any trouble of any kind whatever, but rewarded me with that life-long devotion such as only a dog can give.

I can cheerfully say that I was almost as much devoted to him as he was to me and that in all those twelve years I cannot recollect any act of mine that I have to reproach myself for, now that my dear old friend has gone to his rest.

I am sure that God, who does not let even one sparrow fall to the ground without His knowledge, has a little place for just such a dog, who, much better than some people, has comforted me on many a sad day in my life when human sympathy was wanting. As I write this with tears streaming over the body of my dead friend, I am comforted by the heaven-sent thought that perhaps some day when my span of life is ended, I may meet the spirit of my dear departed dog again and talk about those happy hunting-grounds we used to roam over in God's open nature with never a gun along to break the silence or interrupt the singing of the birds or even a thought of destroying or taking the life of a single one of God's living creatures.

May God, from whom all blessings flow, take this message and use it to make other people, who may read it, kinder to their own and all other animals is the sincere prayer of

PAUL SCHELLING.

THE BANE OF CITY STREETS

Motor drivers became so careless and injured and killed so many small animals in Kansas City, Kansas, that a special ordinance was sought to meet conditions. Such a fatality as the following, reported in the *Kansas City Journal*, adds another to the long list of innocent victims, brute as well as human:

"They didn't even turn back to see what they had run over."

A white haired man bent over a dog that lay squirming on the sidewalk. It had been run over by a motor car and was dying.

The old man patted the dog's head sadly but fondly, and said:

"I came to the city to visit my son. 'Jack' has been my constant companion for eight years and I hadn't the heart to leave him behind. We were crossing the street and the dog became bewildered by the machine that came around the corner without warning. He was under the wheels in a moment and, although his cries and the shouts of passers-by attracted them, the driver and his companion paid no heed."

While the old man was making this brief recital the dog had gasped its last. He picked Jack up tenderly and moved away, carrying his charge in his arms.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

THE BEST FRIEND

If I was sad, then he had grief, as well—
Seeking my hands with soft, insistent paw,
Searching my face with anxious eyes that saw
More than my halting, human speech could tell;
Eyes wide with wisdom, fine, compassionate—
Dear, loyal one, that knew not wrong nor hate.

If I made merry—then how he would strive
To show his joy; "Good master, let's to play,
The world is ours," that gladsome bark would say;
"Just yours and mine—'tis fun to be alive!"
Our world . . . four walls above the city's din,
My crutch the bar that ever held us in.

Whate'er my mood—the fretful word, or sweet,
The swift command, the wheedling undertone,
His faith was fixed, his love was mine, alone,
His heaven was here at my slow, crippled feet:
Oh, friend thrice-lost; oh, fond heart unassailed,
Ye taught me trust when man's dull logic failed.

MERIBAH ABBOTT in *Life*.

THE MONGREL DOG



IF you are really fond of dogs, you will be fond of every kind of dog, big and little, good and bad—the mongrel and the cur, as well as the high-bred animal, asserts the *Evansville (Indiana) Review*.

They all have the same affectionate nature and, it may be added, the same capacity for suffering. Anybody who professes to take an interest in one dog only, or in one

kind of dog only, or in well-bred dogs only, may be sure that his feeling is not genuine and disinterested. It is qualified by vanity or selfishness, or the ignoble desire to be in the fashion.

Strange, is it not, that even in selecting a pet, mankind should be governed by fashion? And yet that is largely the case. Years ago people bought pug-dogs, then fox terriers, and later Boston terriers—not, in most cases, because they preferred that kind of dog, but because it was the correct thing to own that kind.

A mongrel is simply a dog whose father and mother were of different breeds; and as the mongrel has little or no pecuniary value, he is liable to be knocked about from pillar to post; to have no home, or a very bad one; and to be treated with scorn and cruelty. Often, indeed, he is set adrift and abandoned by a hard-hearted or thoughtless owner, too indifferent to give him even the boon of a humane death.

Not only is the mongrel quite the peer of the well-bred dog in affection, in loyalty, in obedience; he is often superior to the well-bred dog in intelligence. But, alas! his outward appearance is against him. Like many human beings, he is the innocent victim of fate.

It is among boys that the mongrel finds his warmest friends. Boys are more natural and therefore more democratic than men. If a dog is good-natured, intelligent and affectionate, they care little what his pedigree is. They love him for himself, and he returns their devotion a thousandfold.

Mark the sorrowful, piteous look in the eye of the homeless mongrel, and you will be slow indeed to add to his miseries. In the last great accounting we may be sure that we shall receive no credit for the fine dogs or horses that we fed and cared for; the motive there was mainly pride of ownership. But whoever has bestowed shelter and affection on an animal that nobody owned, or wanted to own, may have procured an intercessor that he never dreamed of. It is a Russian legend that the man who befriends a friendless animal will find that animal waiting to help him across the deep, dark river that, according to the old mythology, separates this world from the next.

PAT

By HENRY A. PERSHING

PAT is a bulldog and he has listened so carefully to the conversation of his friends that when they mention certain things he likes, either to eat or do, he manifests his pleasure in so demonstrative a manner, that in order to keep peace in the family, a part of the conversation has to be spelled.

He thoroughly enjoys a ride in the buggy or running after the horse, but whenever the subject is mentioned the speakers are compelled to spell the words "horse" and "buggy" without pronouncing them. The same applies to meat, candy and a number of things he dearly loves.

He considers himself the guardian of the premises and people having a shabby appearance, uncertain gait, or who do not exactly suit him, are told in a very quiet way, with threatening attitude and muffled growl, that they are not wanted.

One of the most original things which Pat does, when hungry, is to take his mistress gently by the wrist and lead her carefully but unerringly to the kitchen door and the refrigerator. If there happens to be nothing therein which would satisfy him, and his mistress starts to leave without giving him something, he jumps up on her, again takes her wrist between his teeth and leads her back to the kitchen.



When he first moved into our neighborhood, after being properly introduced to one of the neighbors, he decided to initiate her at once and much to her surprise seized her gently by the wrist and led her carefully to the kitchen, with the result that he secured some tidbits and now whenever he makes calls on the new neighbors, who are friendly, he gently seizes them by the wrist and conducts them to the source of supplies. If he feels quite sure he is going to be fed without this method of persuasion, he will seize upon the first newspaper at hand and carry it into the kitchen, so that his provisions may be placed thereon. He will meet the postman and relieve him of his mail and will also assist the newspaper boy. All in all we think Pat is a pretty smart dog.

FOOD VALUES

Mrs. Suburb—I wonder what's come over Harry? Instead of being cross, as usual, he started off happy and whistling like a bird this morning.

Nora (a new girl)—It's my fault, mum. I got the wrong package and gave him bird-seed for breakfast food.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

TOO MUCH HYDROPHOBIA

W. Horace Haskins, a Philadelphia veterinary of long experience in treating dogs afflicted with rabies, recently contributed the following observations to the *Public Ledger* of that city. They are of interest in the light of the constantly recurring discussion on this whole subject:

Almost daily the columns of our papers record increasing outbreaks of rabies among dogs, many times without the accuracy of the diagnosis being completed. The fact is that for many years the average person has had instilled into him the fear of hydrophobia, which is a disease exceedingly rare, indeed.

It seems to me that much less publicity should be given to these reports by the public press. It is a well-known fact that a very large percentage of the so-called cases of hydrophobia are lyssophobia, simply the results of people's minds becoming greatly exercised because they have been bitten by a dog.

In the first place, the bite of a dog is not any more dangerous than the scratch of a pin or the use of an infected corn knife or razor. The average physician lives a lifetime of experience without ever seeing a single case of hydrophobia. Even when rabies is present with a dog, a very limited number of cases of infection follow when proper precautions are used.

Again, the fact that many of the so-called Pasteur Institutes record a high percentage of cures, having only one case in a thousand develop, should remove from the minds of the laity the danger that has been so greatly magnified in connection with the bites of dogs. The rapid method of diagnosis of rabies by the presence of negri bodies in the brain has been too frequently conclusively diagnosed as rabies by the mere presence of some of these bodies. It is equally well known that under other conditions negri bodies are found where there is no history or condition that would lead to such a diagnosis. This method of diagnosis is not universally accepted throughout the scientific world, and, therefore, we would serve the public very much better if these reports were not given so much publicity.

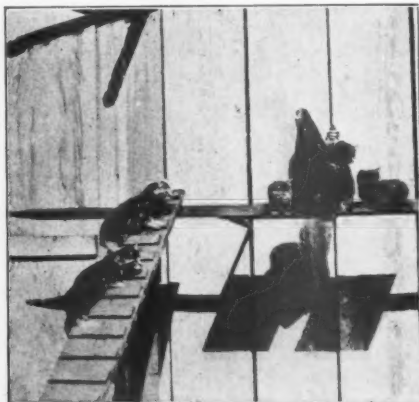
I have lived and practised veterinary medicine for thirty years; during that period I have diagnosed and destroyed several hundred dogs suffering from rabies, as determined by the group of symptoms which are accepted as diagnostic of that disease. I have had in my employ five men bitten by actually rabid dogs, and know of at least four others who were so injured. The treatment of these wounds by cleanliness and keeping them aseptic, and impressing upon those who received these injuries that there was no real danger, saved all of them from anything beyond the painful character of the bites, and that without the necessity of resorting to the Pasteur treatment. I believe if we would all join hands in controlling these reports, impressing upon people the necessity of maintaining cleanliness in treatment of the wounds, and giving less publicity to the harrowing description of hydrophobia, we should tribute to humanity's welfare.

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER" (?)

This all really happened. A friend of Mr. Charles S. Johnson, owner of the Plymouth Rock hen, told us the story, and then wrote to Mr. Johnson for the pictures that we might have them for *Our Dumb Animals*. The hen



wanted to sit. A neighbor's cat left her kittens in a nest. The hen found them and was discovered brooding them as carefully as if they had been her chickens. The mother cat came and fed the kittens, much to the hen's annoyance, her jealousy of their genuine mother being



very marked. Finally when the kittens were older they followed the old hen about and a roost was fixed for her so that at night she could gather them under wings. The mother instinct was satisfied and that seems to have been what Nature was seeking to accomplish.



In the Editor's Library



OUR AGREEABLE FRIENDS, F. G. Aflalo, F. R. G. S.

The stories and anecdotes that may be told to prove that animals possess keen and unerring instinct and that most of them have the power of reason would fill many a lengthy volume. Whether fact or fable, new or old, they are always agreeable reading.

Our so-called dumb animals have ways of making their friends understand them; their lives are made up of interesting doings and those which have long mingled in human society have learned much from their companions. This very readable book tells of the cleverness of all sorts of animals. Many of the incidents are gleaned from former published accounts and made more interesting in the retelling. Others are the result of the author's own observations and experiences.

Many are the dangers that beset wild creatures. How cautious they are in avoiding them and how cunning and tactful they are in getting out of them is seen by numerous well-authenticated instances. The wild animal's life is a continuous hunt for enough to eat. Their shrewd and successful methods at times almost equal human tact and ingenuity. Many examples are given.

Tales of bravery, strategy, fondness for music, gratitude for kind treatment, strange friendships are so multiplied until one wonders if it is not to the great animal world that the most successful story-tellers of the future are to get their best material.

Colored and half-tone illustrations and drawings depict amusing episodes.

300 pp. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A BOOK ON BIRDS, Augustus Wight Bomberger.

This attractive volume is, according to its author, "designed to arouse and inspire, rather than to instruct, to uplift and gladden the heart by moving it to enter a pleasant field of profitable diversion, rather than to impart scientific knowledge," for "the love of birds leads to a love of all nature, and a love of all nature to the brightest, best and happiest life under heaven." The reader forgets his surroundings, and finds himself transported in fancy to those beautiful Pennsylvania valleys made by the Schuylkill, the Perkiomen, and the Skipack, that region where Audubon lived so many years, and where he made many of his rarest "finds," for it is the birds common to this territory that are here described.

The book is for beginners. It tells how the birds that are with us each year, the sparrows and finches, the warblers and thrushes, and all these dainty denizens of wood and thicket, may be identified, either by their song—many birds uttering their names quite distinctly if one will only listen closely enough—by their plumage, or by their flight. The author deals, too, with the different seasons

of the year, and the birds that may be seen at these various times; as well as with that great mystery of nature, migration. A very serviceable key is appended. Original poems follow each chapter.

The many excellent full-page illustrations, showing the birds in their leafy haunts and their wonderful skill in nest-building, are from photographs taken from life by William L. Baily.

209 pp. \$1.00, net. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

When July Fourth Was a Day of Joy

By EDITH WALLACE



LONG Tail, the squirrel that lived in the oak-tree in Swan's Field, had never seen a Fourth of July. The older squirrels had and were very much puzzled over it.

"There's a day coming soon," said grandpa Short Hair; you see squirrels name themselves after oddities and qualities just as the Indians do, that accounts for his name; "when nearly every man and boy goes suddenly crazy. They set everything afire that can burn and they make great noises, which shake off leaves and boughs of the trees. They get all over it in a day and a night though, and then they act just as they did before. It's the queerest thing about these very queer two-legged people."

"When does it happen, grandpa?" asked interested little Long Tail.

"When the cherries are ripe," said his grandfather, "very soon now. We must stay indoors at least twenty-four hours, for it's not safe to be out while this madness lasts."

"And why do they do it, grandpa?" asked the curious little squirrel.

"No squirrel has ever been able to find out," said the venerable Short Hair, "but your great-grandfather Bright-eyes, who was very wise, thought it was done to help the doctors. Doctors are two-legged people who cure other two-legs when they are sick or get hurt, and he noticed that after and during one of the Big Noise and Fire Days, the doctor who lived in that white nest over across the road was called upon or went out almost every hour. Then again, he thought it might be there were too many two-legged creatures and that they had this fire-day once a year to kill them off, as he noticed that many of them were never seen around after that day each year."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Long Tail. "Surely these creatures would not do such things as that—kill their own young!"

"I don't know, only many of them get hurt or die, on that day," said grandfather. "and these two-legged people are very, very queer."

A week later the cherries began to turn red. "Will the Noisy Day of Fire come soon?" asked the little squirrel, and he was told that the wise ones of his tribe thought it was near, for it had always come when the topmost branches of the trees were red with ripened fruit, and old uncle Big Ears, who could understand what people said, had sent word over from Jones' Hill, where another squirrel colony lived, that it was only two days to Fourth of July, another name for the Noisy Fire-Day.

The morning of the great day came. The squirrels had laid in a supply of food. They were not going out during the season of danger, but Sharp Nose, a bright little gray squirrel, couldn't be kept in, and when once he poked his head out all the others had to look also, for squirrels are very curious creatures.

"The field is covered with great white boxes, and pieces of colored cloth are on each one," said Sharp Nose, "and there ain't a mite of noise or fire either."

"O-ooh," said Sweet Tongue, "I smell such good things to eat, too."

The grandfather made them all go back while he investigated.

"The boxes are what they call tents," he declared, "and the other things are flags, and

it looks as if they were not going to have any of their young killed today, but just have a good time, instead."

The squirrels were not allowed to go out, however, until night when, after the tents and flags and tables which had held ice cream and lemonade and all kinds of cake and candies, were gone, and some rockets and Roman candles had been sent up, grandfather Short Hair said they might sniff around and see if they could find any crumbs.

The next day the squirrels found lots of nice things to eat in the field, and little Long Tail remarked that he thought a Field Day with speeches and games and races and all sorts of nice things to eat, as well as music and a few bangs at night, must be much nicer than the old way the elder squirrels told about.

"I don't believe that two-legged medicine-man likes it," said Gray Beard, "for I never saw him called once all day, and I kept my eye out toward his house for he's a nice man and often throws us nuts and corn in the winter when snow comes. I don't believe he liked Field Day."

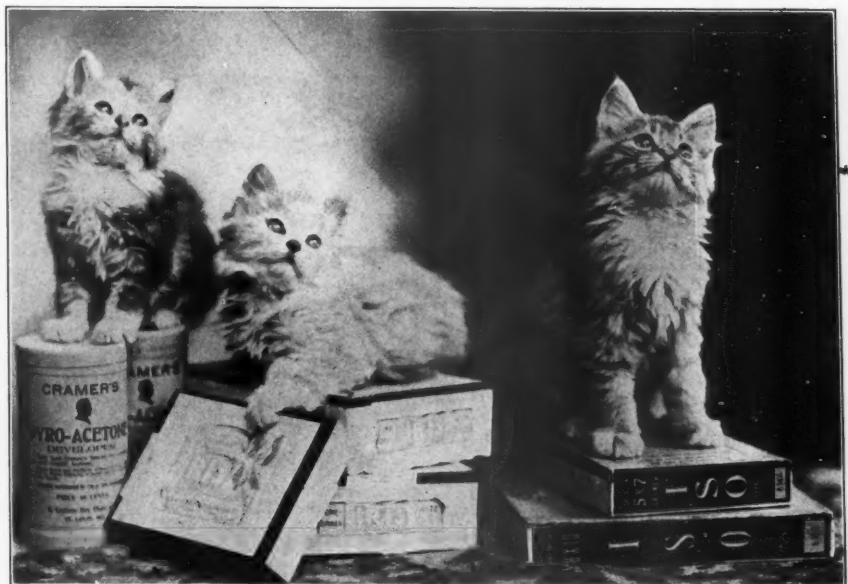
But the squirrel was wrong. It was the "medicine-man" who had advised it, for he had little ones of his own and he feared lest some of them might be blinded or burned on the Great Day. It was he who helped bring the families of his neighborhood into a clan to celebrate with good times the hours usually given over to riot and ruin.

Of course, even the wisest squirrel didn't know this and some of them, little Long Tail among them, rather disbelieved the stories of noise and fire.

"So silly," said Swiftfeet, "we wouldn't do such mad things! 'T ain't a bit likely that these folks who are so big and smart would all go mad once a year? I guess gran'ther Gray Beard was telling a make-b-lieve."

"An awful big one too," agreed Long Tail.

Unless you would like to be homeless, friendless and starving yourself, you should never leave your cat behind when you move or visit.



Photograph by Belle Johnson, Monroe City, Mo.

TRUSTY WATCHERS OF THE NIGHT

A SONG OF PEACE

Lord, grant us peace o'er all the world,
Let human passions rage no more,
But joy-bells ring from shore to shore,
And blood-stained battle-flags be furled.

May manhood, passionate for good,
Rise from the slough of mad desire,
And nations join in one glad choir
To sing the song of Brotherhood.

Hail to the Dawn! Where'er the sun
Sheds warmth and light upon the earth,
May Love and Brotherhood have birth
And Peace's victory be won.

Hail to the Dawn! Break every sword,
And let dread cannon boom no more;
But chains of peace bind shore to shore,
And all men live in glad accord.

Then shall all fettered souls be freed,
And tyranny no more shall spoil
The first-fruits of men's straining toil,
To satisfy unholy greed.

Hail to the Dawn! May bonfires blaze
With gladsome glow on every hill,
And He who murmured "Peace, be still!"
Give Peace on earth through endless days.

W. T. HAWKINS.

EFFECT OF THE CAT'S PRESENCE

An interesting story, told by Dean Schneider of the Cincinnati College of Engineering, indicates that there may be a use for the cat which has never before been realized. In discussing the deadening effects of automatic work in which the brain takes no part, he relates that in a certain piano factory a number of girls were employed in work requiring the closest application and on the piece plan. They were the most discontented employes in the firm and were constantly shifting to other occupation. Various means to attract them were used, such as rest rooms and decorated surroundings, but without success. As a last resort the foreman got a fine big maltese cat and placed it in the room one morning before the girls arrived. This ended the trouble.

Every now and then the cat would jump into a girl's lap, and take her attention from her work for a few moments. The effect of this was to compel rest periods, relieving the tension of high speed, and permitting the elimination of fatigue at certain intervals.



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

During the last month four hundred and fifty new Bands of Mercy were reported. Of these, one hundred and eighty were organized in the schools of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, one hundred and twenty-one in the schools of Washington, D. C., and fourteen in the schools of New Orleans, Louisiana. Of ninety-five Bands formed in Massachusetts, fifty-seven were in the public and parochial schools of Boston. Fifteen Bands were reported from Maine. The numerals show the number of Bands:

Schools in Boston, Massachusetts

St. Mary's, 10; Prince, 12; Abraham Lincoln, 35.

Schools in Massachusetts

Cambridge: Cambridge.

Danvers: Maple St., 16; Wadsworth, 3; East Danvers; Hawthorne; Putnamville.

Danversport: Danversport, 8.

Tapleville: Taplev, 7.

Schools in Maine

Bath: Benjamin Mills.

Boothbay: Trevett Grammar; Trevett.

Five Islands: Grammar; Primary.

Georgetown: Centre; South; Wood.

Pejepscot: Pejepscot, 2.

Riggsville: Riggsville.

Small Point: Small Point.

Topsham: Middlesex; Village.

Wilton: Methodist S. S.

Waterbury, Connecticut: Bishop St. School, Rm. 12.

Delano, New Jersey: Public Schools, 2.

Mendham, New Jersey: Ever Ready.

Schools in McKeesport, Pennsylvania

Grandview Ave., 12; Fawcett, 7; Fifth Ave., 20; High, 20; Versailles Ave., 12; Highland Ave., 4; South Park, 15; East End, 13; Centennial, 17; Market St., 12; Eleventh Ward, 12; Walnut St. and Ninth Ave., 24; West Side, 12.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Spritzler.

Schools in Washington, D. C.

Ross, 9; Webster, 11; Hyde, 6; Curtis, 9; Addison, 9; Hilton, 7; Threkeeld, 6; Fillmore, 8; Polk, 8; Hubbard, 9; Deret, 8; Blake, 7; Johnson, 8; Powell, 8; Dennison, 8.

Rohrersville, Maryland: Good Will.

Hedgesville, West Virginia: Hedgesville.

Schools in New Orleans, Louisiana

Robert Edward Lee, 6; Jefferson, 8.

Cleveland, Ohio: Cleveland.

McArthur, Ohio: Elk Fork.

Forest Park, Illinois: Eugene Field School, Grade 5.

Crawfordsville, Indiana: Grade 8A; Grade 8B.

Detroit, Michigan: Haven.

Chisholm, Minnesota: Lincoln School.

Hibbing, Minnesota: Alice School.

Armington, Montana: Armington.

Havelock, Nebraska: Havelock.

Lawton, Oklahoma: Lincoln School, 4.

Rock Springs, Wyoming: Rock Springs Humane Society.

Springfield, Oregon: Springfield.

Hillyard, Washington: Hillyard.

Stratford, Ontario: Stratford.

Total number of Bands of Mercy, 84,286.



PET FAWNS IN PARK AT STELLA, MISSOURI

COMING OF THE SWALLOWS

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray.

All at a flash, like the darting of flame.

Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—

Certain of springtime the swallows came.

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple.

And ruffs of russet round each little throat.

Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters.

Mariners sailing with never a boat.

Cleaving the clouds with their moon-edged pinions.

High over city and vineyard and mart;

April to pilot them; May speeding after;

And each bird's compass his small red heart.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

KEEPING AT IT

"When I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence by George William Curtis that I have never forgotten, and that has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was this: 'An engine of one cat-power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty horse-power, that my life was narrow in many ways, and my opportunities were likely to be few. But one cat-power I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steadily as I could."



IDEAL PETS

The owner of Kent Park, Stella, Missouri, usually raises eight to fifteen fawns each year. These fawns are made very gentle by handling when young and are sold for pets and for stocking parks.

As will be seen in the picture, these fawns are very gentle and will play with the children, but are shy and suspicious of strangers. Mr. Roseberry, the owner, has two shepherd dogs and the fawns are not at all afraid of them, but if a strange dog happens along, they run and hide immediately.

The fawns take spells of playing and will run and jump and perform many antics that are very amusing. These play spells are usually indulged in just before a rain comes on.

The spots seen on them will all fade away by the middle of September and the little animals will assume the color of the grown deer.

At four or five years of age the males become vicious and are then dangerous, especially to children and strangers.

A BULGARIAN BOY

The work in Turkey that has been carried on now for nearly two years under the guidance of our American Humane Education Society has been a source of unceasing delight. It has widened beyond all we had dared hope. We can account for it in no other way than as the result of the inspiring leadership of its organizing genius, Mrs. Alice W. Manning. It would be interesting to quote at length from her last letter illustrations of the fruit of the Bands of Mercy, hundreds of which have been formed in schools. This one we read with rare satisfaction:

"A little Bulgarian boy received a small sum of money for his birthday which he carefully hoarded. He is a member of a Band of Mercy and much interested in the work. One day near his own home he saw a man beating his overloaded and sick donkey. He begged the man to stop, but he would not. Then he ran quickly to his house, got his birthday money, returned and bought the donkey and led it in triumph to his home where he faithfully tends it in a comfortable pen in his father's yard."

Who can measure the possibility for the future of our work in Bulgaria of such a lad? F.H.R.

In being kind to animals we learn to be kind to people. We learn to be thoughtful also. A cruel nature is thoughtless.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

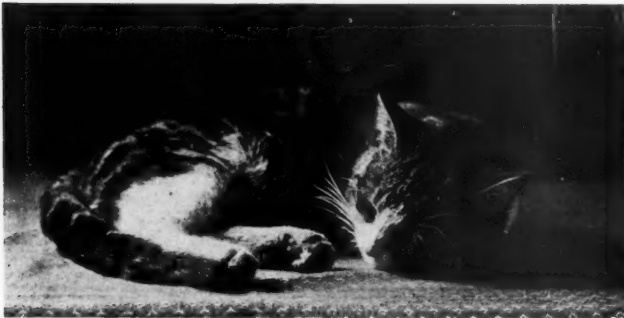


THE FIRESIDE CAT

By MARION HOVEY BRIGGS

Old Mother Tabby sits all the day long,
Purring in tune with the crackling fire's song,
Warming her mittens and toasting her toes,
Surely a picture of perfect repose.

When I come in the room she will jump to my knees
And beg for "a pat, Mistress dear, if you please,"
Then draw her tail round her and sleepily purr
While I tickle her whiskers or smooth her soft fur.



Perhaps Tabby thinks, as serenely she sits,
Of the three grown-up cats who were once her small kits,

Or it may be her beautiful, drowsy day-dream
Is of scampering mice, and rich saucers of cream!

A witch is that pussy; by magical art
She has cozily curled herself up in my heart,
And the room would seem lonely—quite dreary the day

Were there no crackling fire, and no sleek tabby gray.

BLIND ANIMALS

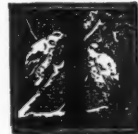


NATURE is economical as well as wise. When she puts animals in dark places where they need no eyes, eyeless they are. There are blind fish and insects and spiders in Mammoth Cave, and in the Adelsberg Cave in Carniola, Austria, there is a singular reptile with minute and useless eyes beneath the skin.

Cave-dwelling animals also lose their coloring, so we have wonderful white beetles and spiders, the last named, curiously enough, still weaving their webs. An interesting adaptation is found in the case of the blind crabs found in deep soundings. The stalks that normally carry the eyes of crabs and lobsters are in their cases modified into sensitive antennæ.

Our own mole and bat are usually considered blind, but they are not. There is, it is true, a variety of mole in the south of Europe which has its eyes under its skin, but in the mole we know the eyes are minute, simply to save it pain when it burrows in the earth. In like manner the elephant has tiny eyes and so avoids scratches when lumbering through the jungle. As for bats, no one would accuse them of being blind, though they could probably, with their swift flight and incredible sense of touch, find the insects in absolute darkness.

ST. CUTHBERT'S PEACE



IN the north of England, in the seventh century, there lived a little orphan lad named Cuthbert, who earned his bread by tending sheep upon the wild moors and lonely hills.

And there he grew to love every wild creature that wore fur or feathers. And as he watched the gulls sweeping inland upon their beautiful white wings, he longed above all things for wings also, for then, he thought, he could fly away to heaven.

And sitting in solitude day after day, and thinking so much about heavenly things, Cuthbert resolved to give up shepherding and to become a servant of God. So, six hundred and fifty years after the birth of Christ, he entered Melrose Abbey for spiritual instruction.

His heart was so full of love for everything, and his preaching was so persuasive and beautiful, that no one who heard him could ever help attending.

One very cold night Cuthbert went out to pray by himself under the stars, and as he knelt two brown otters came up out of the water and licked his poor frozen feet, and lay upon them to keep them warm as he prayed.

Then he determined to become a hermit, and to live by himself on a wild little island in the Scottish seas named Farne. He lived in a cave in the rocks, which made him two rooms, one for his little chapel and the other for his bed. And though so far away, he was never lonely, for the birds whom he loved found him out, and flocked to his cell, and would sit on his shoulders and feed from his hand, and never left him unless scared by the people who came there to see the wonderful preacher. And St. Cuthbert loved his gentle feathered friends so dearly, that when he was dying he blessed them and left them his peace; and because he feared they might be molested in the time to come, he prayed that anyone who harmed the birds of Farne might be severely punished. And St. Cuthbert's peace is still said to rest upon the Farne Islands, where flocks of sea-birds still congregate, descendants of the birds that the Saint loved so well—gentle, innocent creatures that hurt no one; and yet there are cruel people in these days who want the beautiful white sea-birds' wings for ladies' hats, and, forgetting about St. Cuthbert's peace, go there to kill his birds. But is it quite certain that the men who go to shoot them, and the women who wear them, are exempt from the penalty of breaking St. Cuthbert's peace?

FLORENCE H. SUCKLING in "The Brotherhood of Love."



RECEIPTS BY M. S. P. C. A. FOR APRIL, 1912

Fines and witness fees, \$173.41.

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"A friend" for the Angell Memorial Building, \$500; Mrs. Helen R. Heywood, \$125, of which \$100 for the Angell Memorial Building; Mrs. L. N. Kettle, \$100; Miss Fanny E. Morrill, \$30; Mrs. Katherine S. Dodge, for the Angell Memorial, \$25; Elisha Gunn, \$25; "A friend" for the Angell Memorial, \$20; Miss Elizabeth F. Kelly, \$20, of which \$10 is "in memory of Sarah E. Farley"; Arthur T. Lyman, \$20; Walter Hunnewell, \$20; Miss M. W. Brooks, \$20; Mrs. Robert F. Swan, \$20, of which \$10 in memory of Robert F. Swan; Mrs. Albert Weaver, \$15; "Three friends," \$7; Mrs. D. B. Kempton, \$5.50; John Donahoe, \$4; Mrs. G. H. Wright, \$4; D. S. Smith, \$4; J. A. Eden, Jr., \$3; Mrs. H. S. C. Birnie, \$3; Dr. J. B. Atwater, \$3; Lyman B. Smith, for the Angell Memorial, \$3; Collection at Dedham, \$2.37; Mrs. Herbert Lyman, \$1.50; Miss Ethel L. Ayer, \$1.25.

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All others, \$231.39.
Total, \$1390.01.
The American Humane Education Society, \$650.

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All others, \$15.55.
Total, \$225.80.
Sales of publications, \$120.47.
Total, \$2641.50.

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Susanna Brinton, for the Angell Memorial Hospital Building, \$600; Bequest of Catherine N. Scott of New Castle, Pa. (in part), \$419.66; A co-worker, \$152.72;

Board of Education, Independence, Mo., \$16.73; Mrs. Thomas Prime, \$15; South Bend (Ind.) Humane Society, \$13.47; Mrs. J. C. McVay, \$10; Minnie M. Carlson, \$6.53; Mrs. Emma A. Cyrus, for the Angell Memorial, \$5; Public Schools, Indianola, Neb., \$5; A friend in Bloomingdale, for the Angell Memorial, \$5; Mrs. Sallie A. Marshall, for the Angell Memorial, \$5; Grace D. Chase, \$4.79; C. D. Kennard, \$3.80; Mrs. L. K. Page, \$3.20; Public Schools, Winchendon, Mass., \$3; W. A. Gray, \$2.80; William B. Hall, \$2.60; J. E. Foster, \$2.54; G. W. Brown, \$2.40; Elizabeth Donaldson, \$2.34; Mrs. Isabel Benson, \$2.25; F. L. Trouser, \$2.20; Lolita Carlson, \$2.06; Mrs. Franklin Couch, \$2; E. J. Robbins, \$2; Miss Lyman, \$2; Mrs. L. C. Mackenzie, \$2; Carrie V. Ray, \$2; Mrs. S. W. Duncan, \$2; Lucy F. Putnam, \$1.93; N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society, \$1.92; Miss A. E. Mahan, \$1.65; Public Schools, Clarkes, Neb., \$1.63; Mrs. H. E. Warren, \$1.60; Public Schools, Bedford, O., \$1.50; Mrs. H. Straub, \$1.50; Hyde School, \$1.35; Robert Mann, \$1.30; Rebecca Dunning, \$1.28; Mrs. M. L. Hall and a friend, \$1.20; Luella B. Vassiller, \$1.11; Ada N. Gott, \$1.08; Mrs. Viola R. Gray, \$1; William R. Northup, \$1; A. M. Murray, \$1; C. M. Kant, \$1; Mrs. O. Osborn, \$1; Miss Ida A. Baker, \$1; Albert W. Nevers, \$1.
Small sales of publications, \$47.45.

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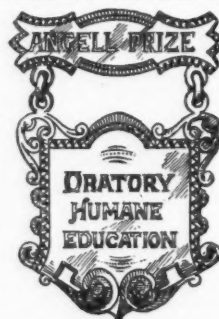
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Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the **Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals**
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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Our Dumb Animals

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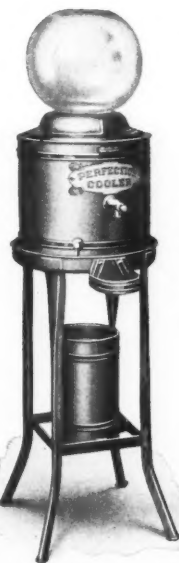
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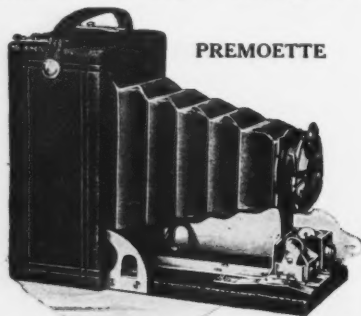
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